



Class E 635

Book B 96

Title _____

Imprint _____

16-00000-1 GPO

U. S. Christian Commission.

DELEGATE'S STORY.

By Rev. H. A. Quiney
Butler, Mass.

INFORMATION AND INSTRUCTION ABOUT STORES.

All good and suitable stores are welcomed, and all necessary freight and charges paid on them by the Commission, and are distributed by delegates of the Christian Commission personally.

WHAT TO SEND.

MONEY, by all means, if possible. To invest money in articles to send is unwise.

The Commission can purchase exactly what is wanted, at the very moment when needed most, and as a Commission at whole-sale cheaper than others.

CLOTHING, ETC.

Cotton shirts,	Pillow-cases,
Cotton drawers,	Bed-ticks (single for filling
Canton flannel shirts and draw- ers,	with straw),
Surgical shirts and drawers (with tape strings to tie in- stead of seams at the sides),	Pillows,
Large cotton drawers (to wear in-doors as pants),	Pads, for fractured limbs,
Dressing gowns,	Ring pads, for wounds,
Slippers (if of cloth or carpet, with stiff soles),	Fans,
Sheets,	Netting, to protect from flies.
	Housewives, stored with needles, thread, buttons, pins, &c.
	Handkerchiefs,
	Wash-rags,
	Old linen,

FOOD, ETC.

Oat meal,	Soda biscuit,	Onions, in barrels,
Farina,	Butter crackers,	Apples, in barrels,
Corn starch,	Boston crackers,	Cranberries,
Dried rusk,	Pickles,	Good butter, in small jars,
Jellies,	Jams,	Dried fruits.

In special cases, eggs, bread, cakes, &c., are needed, but not generally. They should never be sent unless specially called for.

FOR BEVERAGES.

Good black tea, Chocolate, Lemons, Syrups.

All preparations of the Blackberry are of double value.

STIMULANTS

Good brandy, Madeira wine, Port wine, Cordials.

Domestic wines are excellent in winter, apt to spoil in summer.

GOOD READING MATTER.—Send no trash. Soldiers deserve the best. A library is a valuable hygienic appliance. For the able-bodied, good publications are mental and spiritual food.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

A DELEGATE'S STORY.

BY REV. H. Q. BUTTERFIELD.

THE following paper was originally addressed to C. Demond, Esq., of Boston. The writer is pastor of the Congregational Church of Great Falls, New Hampshire.

Remarkable for terse statement, touching interest, and spiritual power, it is even more so as an example of delegate work in the army.

If one man, in one term of delegate service, could do so much to win souls to Christ, bind together the tent and the hearth, relieve bodily suffering, and meet the yearning for sympathy of our sons and brothers away in the war, what must the fruits be of the service of the fourteen hundred and more sent by the United States Christian Commission?

Mr. Hawes and myself left Boston, September 15th, for the Army of the Cumberland. We spent the following Sabbath in Louisville, where I preached twice,—once to the well, and once to the invalids. That was the day of the bloody Chickamauga battle. We hastened to the front, reaching Chattanooga Friday. For the first four days my labors are in the town.

I begin to move around among the sick. The first man I accost tells me he is a Christian. The second man, belonging to the 18th Regulars, lies dying. I cannot learn

name or history. I try to talk with him, and point him to the Saviour. The only answer is a groan. He is beyond my instruction. The next four patients all tell me they have a hope in Christ. It is good to look at their peaceful faces.

The next one I accost wants to know if I will write a letter for him to his Colonel. My promise to do so seems to do him a world of good. "O, sir," exclaims he, "yours is the first sympathy we have had since we have been lying here!" I encourage him, shake hands, and promise to see him again. When he afterward learns that I have written his letter, and done his errand, his gratitude is touching. He belongs to the "Louisville Legion" (5th Kentucky).

The tears gush from E. R. Richardson's eyes as I ask if he is trying to live a Christian life. "I was taught to do so, sir." God bless the prayers of faithful parents.

So ends my first half day among the sick. It is a blessed work.

On my next trip, I find a sick soldier, looking sad and discouraged. I try to raise his spirits; telling him we appreciate his services; that he is not forgotten at home; that thousands are praying for him. It is too much for him. He turns aside his head, and bursts into tears. So precious is a little sympathy; so hungry are these poor sick men for it.

"Do you enjoy religion?" I ask another soldier. "Yes, sir." "Where did you obtain it?" "Right in that corner, sir!" And he points to a spot where he has been previously lying. I find that Brother T. D. Ewing, of the Commission, has been showing him the way.

Here is a brisk young soldier, not piously inclined, but very cheerful. Pointing to an ugly wound upon his shoulder, he says, "You see I have lately got my star," i. e., badge of the Brigadier. I congratulate him upon *his promotion*.

Here is an Illinois soldier, who tells me his father and all his brothers are disloyal. But he says he has learned to put God first, country next, family next, and self last. Noble sentiments. I tell him many prayers are offered for him at home. "Yes," says he, "I know it. *I have a wife who is putting in her time that way.*" Here are three soldiers, lying side by side, who are seekers. Their hearts are tender, and I find it a blessed privilege to point them to Christ.

Here is a brave fellow, whose chest has almost been crushed in by the premature fall of a chimney,—the house being pulled down for fortifications. With much effort he whispers into my ear the contents of a letter for his wife. "Shall I tell her you are seeking Christ?" "Yes; and tell her to pray for me." And his gushing tears attest his sincerity. May God bless Joseph West!

Sunday, I preach in the field to the 9th Indiana. On Monday evening I lead a soldier's prayer-meeting in the Methodist church. The house is crowded. The feeling is deep and tender. The prayers are most urgent and importunate, and the singing is like the sound of many waters. The next evening I preach in the same place, to an audience equally large. No old, no very young; no women; all sturdy, sober, thinking men. I have never preached to so much *brain* gathered into one and the same audience before.

The next day, Brothers Burnell, Hawes, and myself are detailed to go into the field hospital, two miles north of Chattanooga.

Here are some 1500 wounded, lying in tents, in a beautiful valley, which is surrounded on three sides by high hills. Here the rest of my time is spent.

The wounded are arranged according to corps and divisions. Mr. Burnell takes McCook's corps, Mr. Hawes

takes Thomas', and I, Crittenden's. Our work is thus systematized.

Our first aim is to relieve pressing physical wants; for Bragg has at last received our flag of truce, and our wounded boys, after having lain ten days on the field, their wounds undressed, are coming in. Most of them have been stripped of money and clothing; the heartless rebels leaving scarcely enough to cover nakedness.

Here is a fine young fellow just from the field. He is wrapped in a sheet, and it is his only covering. While kind hands are clothing him, and dressing his wounds, I run to the tent and bring him a cordial. He drinks, and says, "How good that tastes!" See how his face shines! Were he lying on a bed of roses in Paradise, "waxing well of his deep wounds," he could not seem happier; so glad is he to escape from rebel hands. What a pleasure to minister to his wants!

Wheeler's cavalry makes a savage raid, and destroys three tons of our stores, as they are slowly coming over the Cumberland Mountains. This cripples us during our whole stay. We have not a tithe of what we really need for distribution. But we manage to do considerable with but little.

Here are two papers of farina and one of corn starch. How many tastes they afford to sick men! How many relishes they give to poor appetites! How many blessings they bring the Christian Commission!

Our cordials and stimulants are meagre in quantity. But how many sick men are refreshed! How many sip, and say, "O, thank you, thank you!" Many a soldier is toned up for amputation, or recruited after having waked from his chloroform sleep.

Next to these more pressing wants, the soldiers call for papers, tracts and books. Go into a tent, and almost the

first question is, "Chaplain, can you give us anything to read?" And the Christian Commission's slices and crumbs from the bread of life seem sweeter to them than any luxuries or delicacies.

Then I carry around, at intervals, paper, stamps and envelopes for those soldiers who have left all their effects on the battle-field. "Chaplain, what is there to pay?" "Nothing. The Christian Commission sends you these, and sends me to present them." "Bully for the Christian Commission, and bully for you too!"

But here are men who cannot stir, or whose right arms are shattered. How can they write? How gratefully they accept my services as amanuensis! Jona. Urnston (86th Ind.) wishes me to write to his mother. Wounded on the 19th, in the right hand and the right hip. Fell into the rebels' hands on the 20th, and was held till Oct. 1. Paroled and sent here. His wounds doing well. Best of all, and what will rejoice his mother's heart, he wants me to say to her he is seeking Christ.

A. S. Goodwin (19th Ohio) wants me to write his father. One ball has lodged in his left thigh; another has gone through his right knee-joint, and he has been struck in the bowels with a canister shot. Held by the rebels ten days. Hopes to live to see home, and gladdens his father by saying: "I put my trust in God."

At 8 o'clock of the last night I spent in camp, one of the nurses comes, and says there is a soldier in one of my tents who cannot live till morning, and who wishes to see you. I followed him at once. The night is dark, and the rain pours, and has poured for the last three days. Ah! it is Barnabas S. Brackett (17th Ky.), whom I have met and prayed with before, and who has told me he was ready to go. The surgeon has told him his time is at hand, and he has sent for me to do the offices of the nearest friend.

He wants me to write to his father, who is a Baptist clergyman in Calhoun, Ky., and send him his well-worn Testament. "Brother Willis," who is the only unconverted one in the family, I must tell to meet him in heaven. His money I may take and use it to send home his body. While waiting for me to write these items down, he bursts forth ever and anon in little snatches of sacred song:

"I know that I love Jesus."

These things done, I kneel upon the damp straw of his pallet, the rain plashing and roaring against the canvas, and commend his soul to God. Then he gives me his clammy hand, and hopes to meet me in heaven; and we part. At 2 o'clock he dies, shouting his triumph over death.

Here is a member of the 36th Ind. Arm off. "Have you a hope, Mr. Dudley?" "I am like thousands of others. I have been putting this matter off." "But will you not, Mr. Dudley, begin to seek the Lord now?" "I have promised him, if he will only heal me up this time, I will try to serve him." And the great tears roll down his cheeks like rain. Here is John S. Boland (86th Ill.). *His* arm is off too, but his face is radiant. "Have you a hope, John?" "Yes, sir." "When did you obtain it—since you joined the army?" "In the last battle!" (Chickamauga.) What a place for conversion! What a place to find peace—amidst the smoke and roar and carnage of the battle-field!

Here is Sergeant Hiram Godfrey, 13th Mich. I pray with him; his heart is tender; his eyes fill with tears, and his lips move in silent prayer. He is giving his soul to Christ. Beautiful sight! He promises me, and tears attest his sincerity, that he *will* try to serve God.

Here is G. W. Caldwell, of the 84th Ill. I write to his

wife. "May I ask her to pray for you?" "You may." "And will you not try to trust Jesus for yourself?" "I will! I will!" He soon passes away, and I have to write a second and sadder letter to his wife.

These are specimen cases.

One of my most pleasant labors is to hold prayer-meetings in the tents of the wounded. On Saturday and Sunday, October 10th and 11th, I go through all my parish—Crittenden's corps—holding short services, and preaching a short sermon in all the tents but three. The whole service is from ten to fifteen minutes long. As I explain 2 Cor. 5:1, and contrast the torn and dissolving tent with the solid "house not made with hands," showing the glorious privilege of passing from the one to the other, the tears fill the soldier's eyes to think how his poor tent lies torn and battered; and his soul is filled with longings to enter the house. Good attention in all the tents; and in some the feeling is so deep and strong as to extemporize a prayer-meeting, in which nearly all take part.

As I go through the tents one day, James Coit, a Kentuckian, wearing on his body six ugly wounds, says to me: "Chaplain, when are you coming to hold another prayer-meeting?" "This evening." "Chaplain, why not *now*?" "Very well," I reply, "I am a minute man; let it be *now*." So I take off my hat, and pull out my Testament, and we have a precious meeting.

There is another sad office I am called to perform. It is to follow the dead soldier to the grave. Caldwell, whom I tried to lead to Christ, and Harlin, a brave boy, shot on the mountains by the rebel sharp-shooters, firing across the river: these I am called to commit to the dust. Both are lowered into the same grave, and rest side by side.

In going my rounds, I find a brave and stalwart fellow, belonging to the 7th Penn. Cavalry. His wounds make it

difficult for him to speak, and difficult for him to hear. I kneel by his pallet, and after much trouble learn the fact that he is trusting in his Saviour. As I meet him from time to time, we adopt a kind of spiritual free-masonry. I point upward, as much as to say: "Your hope and your citizenship are in heaven." And he will always slowly and feebly raise his hand in response.

Going into his tent to hold a meeting, Sunday, Oct. 11th, I find that he has just passed away. I retire, and hold no service there. Two hours after, on coming from a tent, I see the burial party just starting. What! is there no chaplain? Has no prayer been said? Must my brave soldier be buried thus? It *must* not be. And so I start at full speed, to overtake the party before they reach the grave. I reach the spot just as they are lowering him to his rest. The tender-hearted soldiers gratefully accept my services; a prayer is offered: thus is William Donald committed to the dust.

"No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest;"

the only thing between him and mother earth his well-worn blanket. But my vision goes beyond the blanket and the rude grave. I see the resurrection process; I hear that last trumpet whose sonorous energy quickens every particle of his sleeping dust. What a form this humble blanket discloses! What a radiant shape comes from this grave, and goes up to be "forever with the Lord." And so the scene is hallowed; and the look and the vision makes this humble grave a vista, widening and opening into paradise.

These are some of the incidents of my work. I enjoyed it more than I can find words to express.

For convalescents, lively, interesting books, the monthlies, the pictorials, works of art, science, and literature, as well as those for moral and spiritual culture, such as you would put into the hands of a brother recovering.

STATIONERY IS MUCH NEEDED, paper, envelopes, and pencils.

HOW TO PACK.

Pack in boxes. Barrels are not as good. Secure well. Boxes should not be so large that two cannot conveniently lift them into a wagon. Pack eatables by themselves. Never pack perishable articles, such as oranges, lemons, bread, cakes, nor jars of jellies and jams, with other goods. Tin cans should be soldered: all other modes fail. Stone jars should be corked and firmly bound with oiled linen or leather over the cork, and packed closely in saw-dust or hay, in boxes never exceeding a dozen and a half in a box, and nailed strongly, to bear rough handling. Jellies in tumblers, covered with paper, and wines, cordials, &c., in bottles, with paper or other poor stoppers, are liable to spill out, and if packed with other things, sure to injure them.

HOW TO MARK.

Mark with paint or ink on the boards,—cards rub off,—in plain letters and figures. On one corner, the number of the box according to the number sent by you in all, numbering your first box *1, your second *2, your third *3, and so on from the first sent to the last. On another corner, mark each box as from your Society, giving the name, and conspicuously also mark as follows:

“GEORGE H. STUART,
Chairman Christian Commission,
11 Bank Street, Philadelphia,”

or whatever other name and place you wish to send it to.

To secure acknowledgments, and to save trouble, also send an invoice or list by mail, on paper, the common letter sheet size, written only on one side, specifying each box or barrel by number, and giving the contents of each by itself. Give your own name and post-office in full, with the name of your State. Place also another list or invoice of the same kind in the box under the lid, and if with this last you place also an envelope addressed to yourself, with a postage stamp upon it, you may sometimes,—not always,—have it returned to you through the mail, with the signature of the delegate, and the name of the hospital camp where he distributed it.

Write plain. Above all, write your own name distinctly, and to save embarrassment, give your address in full, especially whether Miss or Mrs. or Rev.

Money should be sent to JOSEPH PATTERSON, Esq., Treasurer, at Western Bank, Philadelphia.

Communications and Contributions

For the UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION may be sent to of the following places, as may be most convenient, addressed to the sons designated.

- PHILADELPHIA.—Letters to Rev. W. E. Boardman, 11 B Street; money to Joseph Patterson, at the Western Bank; stores to George H. Stuart, 11 Bank Street.
- NEW YORK.—Letters and supplies to Nathan Bishop, 30 B House; money to James M. Brown, 59 Wall Street.
- BOSTON.—Letters to Charles Demond, 4 Court Street; money to Joseph Storey, 112 Tremont Street; stores to L. P. Rowland, Tremont Temple.
- PITTSBURG.—Letters to Robert C Totten; money to Joseph Gree, 71 Wood Street; stores to W. P. Weyman, 79 Smith Street.
- CINCINNATI.—Letters to Rev. J. F. Marlay; money to W Perkins, 17 West Third Street; supplies to A. E. Chamberlain, Rooms Christian Commission, 51 Vine Street.
- INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Letters to C. N. Todd; money to J. M. Ray; supplies to G. W. Clippinger.
- CHICAGO.—Letters to B. F. Jacobs, P. O. Box 5801; money to John V. Farwell; supplies to Rooms Young Men's Christian Association, Methodist Church Block.
- ST. LOUIS.—Letters to J. H. Parsons, *Daily Union* office; money to Edward Ticknor; supplies to Isaac S. Smyth, Christian Commission office, under Lindell Hotel.
- DETROIT.—Communications, money, and supplies to E. C. Walcott.
- BALTIMORE.—Letters to Rev. J. McJilton; money to Rev. C. P. Hays; stores to G. S. Griffith, 77 West Baltimore Street.
- BUFFALO, N. Y.—Communications and supplies to John Hill, M.D.
- TROY, N. Y.—Letters, money, and supplies to Charles P. Harris.
- HARRISBURG, PA.—Communications, money, and supplies to Rev. T. H. Robinson.
- ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Communications, money, and supplies to Oliver D. Grosvenor.
- WASHINGTON, D. C.—Communications, money, and supplies to William Ballantyne, 498 Seventh Street, or Rev. S. L. Boyce, 500 H Street.
- LOUISVILLE, KY.—Communications, money, and supplies to J. Edward Hardy, care of J. G. Dodge & Co., 325 Main Street.
- PEORIA, ILL.—Communications, money, and supplies to W. L. Reynolds.
- FREDERICK, MD.—Communications, money, and supplies to Gideon Bantz.
- HAGERSTOWN, MD.—Communications, money, and supplies to Rev. Mr. Evans.

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